

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.
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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Woolen Bridge for Canker Worms.
We believe that the canker worm has never yet been seen in Maine, and God grant that it never may. Some of our readers further west than our State are troubled with them occasionally, and we formerly knew how difficult it was to wage war successfully with them.

We were pleased with a plan communicated by W. T. S. Cornett, of Indiana, to the Indiana Farmer and Gardener, for preventing the ascent of the insect which produces the worm. It appears to be the invention of Mr. John T. Colton, and consists of a roll of bat or wool placed around the tree. It should be evenly carded, and fed tightly around the body of the tree, in the middle of the bat, by a twine. The wool above and below rises over the twine, and is thus buried and hidden in the wool. The insect crawls up to the wool, and not being able to get through the fibres, it hunts all about for a gap. Not finding any, it crawls up under as far as it possibly can and deposits its eggs. The routine of operations with them used to be as follows:—The female, which is an insect without wings, comes out of the ground generally in the spring; creeps up the body of the apple tree and deposits her eggs. As soon as the warmth of the sun is sufficient to hatch them, which is about the time that the tree has leaved out, these eggs produce a worm, which commences its ravages on the leaves, oftentimes stripping the tree entirely. After they have grown to a certain size, they spin a web and let themselves down from the branches to the earth, whither they enter and roll themselves up in the chrysalis state. Here they remain a certain time before they come out in the insect form. This period depends very much on the warmth of the weather. In some places, after a warm fall, they have been known to rise in November. They have been known to make their appearance in Massachusetts as early as February, but the most common time is during the last of March and first of April. In old times it used to be the custom to put a circle of tar, every day or two, around the trees, into which the "bugs" would walk and soon be stuck fast. We remember of often having known, when a boy, and employed with a tar-pot, the insects so thick that the dead bodies of those entangled in the tar would form a bridge, by which those that came after could go over dry shod, and get into the tree with safety. Various expedients have been tried to prevent their ascent, but the woolen bat strikes us as being cheap, simple and effectual.

How to Boil Green Corn.

A writer in the above named paper, (Indiana Farmer), thinks that the only reason why green corn has any bad effects on those who eat it, is on account of the improper manner in which it is cooked.
He says the way to prepare corn for the table, is not to put it into a pot and boil for an hour, or rather until it is good for nothing but the bogs; but simply to put on the water, and when it boils, then put in your corn with a little salt—cover up tight, and let it boil five minutes, or until the cob is heated through, then the corn is done, and you have all the sweet and nutritious qualities without any of its injurious effects. If our females would pay more attention to cooking, we should all be gainers, for so simple a thing as boiling potatoes is not done without care. Who, says he, wants to eat water-soaked potatoes, when they can as easily be cooked dry and mealy? or corn and peas, when their substance has been boiled out?

Elegant Plough.

We may now use the word elegant as an adjective to plough with the utmost propriety, for such has been the immense improvement made in the form, and in the style and fashion of its construction, that it is really an elegant object. Those who wish to see one that may be truly called elegant, can call on Mr. Eaton, publisher of the Farmer, who brought one of Ruggles, Nourse & Mason's new pattern of Eagle No. 2 ploughs with him from Boston, and has it now at his office, where he will be happy to show it to those who may wish to see and examine it. The new plan of fixtures which places the point of draft behind the coulter instead of the end of the beam as heretofore, and the arrangement of apparatus by which the depth of furrow as well as the width is regulated to an eighth of an inch, renders it a desirable implement for every farmer to have. The neatness of the finish demonstrates the taste and skill of the workmen, and gives undoubted evidence that it will perform its work to the acceptance of the most fastidious. We hardly know how the plough can be improved any more than it has been, in various ways and by various manufacturers, in a few years, in its form, workmanship and neatness, and accuracy by which it turns the furrow. Indeed, with so beautiful an instrument, the practice of the ploughman may really be considered an elegant accomplishment.

MAKE SURE OF THE HONEY.

Our friend Cole of the Boston Cultivator, says that bees will eat more honey than they make after the first of August. He says you can prove this by weighing the hive before the 1st and afterwards. Our friends who keep bees ought to know the truth of this theory, and if it be true, they had better make sure of the honey in season.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Subsoil Plough.
This species of plough is beginning to be used among us, and we doubt not will ultimately, though perhaps slowly, become considered among the indispensable implements of the farmer.

The use of it obviates the objection which may have to deep ploughing, viz., that the dead and unfruitful earth will be thrown out, and thus make the land barren for a season at least. It is so constructed that it can follow the common plough, at a given depth, break up and pulverize the hard pan, and by having no mould-board, leave it again in the situation it formerly was, with the exception of its being broken up and put in a condition to allow water to filter through it, or roots of plants to plunge into it.

In close, hard soils, that at times become "water-logged," this is an excellent practice, for it allows of no standing waters to injure the crops, but permits them to drain off in season, and thus assist instead of retarding vegetation, and of course essentially contribute to the production of heavy and good crops.

The publisher is expecting to receive one in a day or two, from the same manufacturer, viz., Messrs. Ruggles, Nourse & Mason, of Worcester, who have been at much expense and labor to fit one up, and who, we trust, will ultimately succeed in inducing every farmer to have one and to give it a fair and patient trial.

How to Fix your Grain Cradles.

A worthy farmer of Winthrop, who has tilled the earth more years than we have seen, gave us a short lecture the other day upon cradling grain. He says that most of the cradles offered for sale at the present day are not made right in one particular, and that is, the length of the scythe attached. He prefers to have the scythe about three inches longer than the fingers, and left unground for about three and a half inches from the point. When thus made, the point of the scythe goes before the fingers and parts the grain, so that the fingers enter easily and thus collect it easily; whereas, if the scythe is of the same length with the fingers, and ground sharp all its length, it cuts the straw as fast, or before the fingers come up, and some of them fall without being gathered.

Killing Alders.

We publish with pleasure the following article, though confessedly unprepared to admit the idea of lunar influence as therein expressed. The long experience of the writer, however, (he being, if we make no mistake in dates, in his ninety-fifth year!) renders his remarks valuable, and justly entitled to respectful consideration. We should also be pleased to receive any facts from others touching the same subject. If the result of cutting alders on any particular day has been demonstrated to be more effectual in eradicating them than when cut on any other time, it is obviously important that it be known. Establish the certainty of this result, and speculation in regard to the cause is unnecessary. The difference in the durability of timber cut at different times, is undoubtedly great. Our venerable correspondent intimates that he may "prescribe" a proper mode to be pursued. We should be happy to hear from him.

MR. TUCKER.—In the Cultivator for June I observe, A. H. Halleck, Esq., says there is a certain time to cut alders to eradicate them. He might have added in some years, and rendered a reason. It is no new thing, for I have known it more than eighty years, and it is well known in Berkshire. My first twenty years I lived in Hatfield, (was Col. Putnam's ninth of thirteen children.) He had a pasture, two-thirds of which was almost level with the mill-pond—not mired, but as fine a place for alders as ever was, and also excellent for grass; so that on leisure days alders were cut, piled and burnt; but grow they would, and a perpetual war was waged against them. One day, (say in 1756,) his two hired men cut near an acre, and not a sprout came. My father believed that it was owing to the time they were cut, but not noticed soon enough to remember. He being both a civil and military officer during the war with France for Canada, i. e. from 1755 to 1761, his house was over thronged with company, and from all parts of the country; and he did not forget to inquire for a time to kill alders in his favorite horse pasture. In about two years, a man told him that Dr. Elliott, of Guilford, Ct., had, in a small treatise on husbandry, said to cut alders in the old (or wane) of the moon, having the sign in the heart, (i. e., when passing Leo,) they would bleed to death; and I have found it out that time the sap flows freely till they are exhausted, and no more grow.

In 1771, I came to Stockbridge, (a feeble strapping) on account of my health; and Dr. Sargent, my friend, had in his twelve acre horse-pasture five acres of alders, so thick it was difficult to find even a horse among them; and since, I have owned four lots with alders in them, and all were years ago destroyed by one cutting at the aforesaid time. So long ago as when we had but one newspaper in Berkshire, I advertised that if people would cut off their alders on a certain day, I assured their destruction. Some considered it a trick, and even called me an impostor. Some, however, knew me, and the result was that plenty of alders were cut with the desired effect. Yours, &c., O. P.

P. S. It is lamentable that there is no more attention paid to cutting timber and fencing-stuff. It is but a little more work to make a fence of wood that will last fifty or sixty years, than one that will not last in twelve or fifteen years. I may, perhaps, be prescriptive. Albany Cultivator.

Stockbridge, Mass., June, 1845.

Factories in France.—No fewer than 70,000 children under sixteen years of age are employed in the French manufactures. Children under eight years of age are not allowed to work in the French factories; those from eight to twelve work eight hours; and those from twelve to sixteen not more than twelve hours in the twenty-four. Under the new law the Factory children have regularly attended the public school; and in some districts, where none existed, the manufacturers themselves have caused them to be instructed at their own expense.

Natural History of the Horse-Bee, with a variety of experiments and observations on its very interesting; communicated to the Medical and Agricultural Register, in a letter from the REV. ROWLAND GREEN, J. n., dated Mansfield, Mass., February 20, 1806.

DR. ADAMS.—Within the circle of my acquaintance there has been many horses lost by bots. This was considered as a growing evil, and prompted the writer to endeavor to trace them through their several stages. Many experiments were made to ascertain facts, from which the writer has not known; but in the months of May, June and July, especially the two latter, they pass the intestines and immediately seek refuge in the earth, at an uncertain depth, according to the hardness of the soil. At this time they are of a light color. The second day after they enter the earth they become contracted in length, less active, and of a light mahogany color. In one or two days more, stiff, hard, and the color darker—they are now rather more than half an inch in length, and nearly one-fourth of an inch in diameter, oblong, motionless, and the points and hooks almost obliterated. They do not cast off the skin, (which becomes a shell,) as many other insects do, when they pass into the chrysalis or aurelian state. The wings when formed are folded up, but expand when they arise to new life. In thirty days after they enter the earth, the bee or perfect insect breaks the shell near its smallest end, and comes out a renovated creature; "every thing is changed, all its powers are new, and life to it is another thing." With certain individuals there is some variation as to the length of the aurelian period; but from certain causes it may be protracted beyond the usual period. They in many respects resemble the honey-bee, especially when flying; they are of a lighter color, and have not the tongue nearly so long as the honey-bee. The texture of the stomach they eat not in the perfect state, being doomed only to the continuation of their species. Their legs are six in number. They are not active in the night. A further description perhaps is not necessary.

General Symptoms of Bots in Horses.—Sometimes horses which are hard worked discover no apparent symptoms until death. In young horses the symptoms are generally better ascertained. In general the horse loses flesh, coughs, eats but sparingly, bites his sides, and sometimes with violence. These symptoms continue and increase for a longer or shorter time, according to the violence of the case, and then a discharge from the nose commonly takes place; and at length stiffness of the legs and neck, staggering, laborious breathing, convulsions, and death.

Appearance on Dissection.—Bots in abundance collected near the passages into and out of the stomach, and of various sizes, according to the time of their residence there. The texture of the stomach penetrated and greatly injured. The internal coat of the stomach appears thickened and prematurely hard on those parts where the greatest injury is done. In four out of five dissections the lungs were found greatly inflamed; some parts in a state of suppuration, others in a putrescent state. The one whose lungs were not marked with inflammation was a young horse of two years old, whose lungs had never been injured by hardships.

Query. Why this inflammation, &c., on the lungs?

The irritation arising by the action of the bots in the stomach, may produce a general inflammatory disposition in the system; but as the lungs of horses, by hard usage, are more predisposed to inflammation and its consequences than any other given part of the body, the inflammation fixes there, and in many (if not most) instances seems to be the immediate cause of death.

Experiments to Remove Bots from the Stomach.—Aloes, rum, mercury, jalap, brine, linseed oil, pepper, tincture of tobacco, decoction of pink root, &c., are all ineffectual. This will not appear strange when we consider how tenacious they are of life.

Nothing is more injurious than rum, and other heating things, to the irritable state of the stomach, whose texture is nearly perforated in numerous places. Almost every farmer in Massachusetts has some specific, and frequently one of the above named, or those of less consequence. A farmer's horse sick with a cold, or pain in the stomach, from hard travelling perhaps; he asks his neighbor, What shall I do? he answers, The bots. What shall I do? Give him rum. The rum is given, and the horse recovers immediately. Well, what is next? Why, rum has cured the bots. In like manner other things obtain credit for killing bots.

Experiments to make Bots let go their hold without the Body.—The stomach laid open, the following things were applied to no effect, but in some instances they appeared to hang the stronger—rum, brine, lime, fish oil, British oil, burnt alum, corrosive sublimate, spirits of turpentine, tincture of aloes, decoction of tobacco, pepper, volatile spirit, elixir camphor, weak elixir vitrol, &c. &c. Actual fire would cause them to let go, and not in all cases, sometimes certain individuals would slip the grip, and die like a good soldier at his post, before they would relinquish their hold. They will live hours after they are considerably scorched by a candle. Strong vitriolic acid would immediately cause them to let go their hold. This acid, joined with oil or water, (equal parts) would answer the purpose, though not so effectually as the acid by itself. This acid was found to be more effectual than aqua fortis.

Experiments to destroy Bots without the Body.—The following experiments were made at different times, and on bots that were three quarters grown, or more.

	H. Min.	others not so long.
Rum,	25	
Decoction of tobacco,	11	
Styptic elixir,	2	
Volatile spirit,	56	
Spirits of turpentine,	45	
Essential oil of mint,	1	
Decoction of pink root,	49	
Fish oil,	10	
Linseed oil,	10	
Solution of nitre,	2	
Beef brine,	10	
Elixir propiæticæ,	10	
Solution of indigo,	10	
Elixir camphor,	10	

The experiments which had no effect were discontinued at the expiration of the time specified. Bots cannot endure the cold so intense as to freeze. **Preventive Means.**—Scrape off the eggs, when laid on the horse, every eight or ten days. A much longer interval will answer the purpose, even once in twenty days; but there is a greater certainty of destroying the whole in short intervals, as some may be overlooked at one time and not at another. This practice must be continued through the season of them, and may be performed with ease with a sharp knife. The eggs should not be scraped off where the horse can feed, as in that case the young bots might be taken in. It is difficult to remove those eggs laid under the throat with a knife, but they may be destroyed with a hot iron, made for that purpose.

Fallacious Means.—From what has been said, it appears exceedingly difficult to remove bots from the stomach; they are covered with a coat of mail, and seem to be proof against any thing that can be thrown into the stomach with safety.

No certain method has been found effectual in removing them from the stomach, the whole indication seems to be to remove irritation and inflammation;

and this to be done by blood-letting and a free use of mild laxatives. Blood-letting has a tendency to remove the inflammatory disposition, and oils lubricate the fibres of the stomach, and tend to obviate the effects of the stimulus which produces inflammation and death. However, all this ought to be done in the early stages, and even then the event is very uncertain.

In most instances it appears that the immediate cause of death was the local affection in the lungs; and in those instances where the local affection of the lungs did not exist, it appears that the irritation occasioned by the bots introduced convulsions ending in death.

When the lungs are much affected death is almost certain; but in those instances where the lungs are not affected, there is considerable probability, that by blood-letting and a free use of oils, the effects of these insects may be warded off for some time, and perhaps long enough for them to come to maturity, at which time they cease to act.

Shelter for Sheep.
Every one has perhaps heard of the man whose roof remained unrepaired to the perpetual detriment of all dry articles and sound lungs within doors, because when it rained he could not repair it, and when the weather was fair he did not need the repair. For a similar reason, many flocks of sheep pass year after year, unprotected because shelters are not needed in the summer, and cannot be made in the depth of winter. To induce the owners to adopt an improvement, and provide, in time, suitable shelter for their flocks, we wish to state a few facts in the case.

Lewis A. Morell, of Tompkins county, N. Y., before he had provided a shelter for his flock of Saxons sheep, 1200 in number, lost from 70 to 100, during winter, and once lost 150. For the four successive years after protection, the average number wintered being 1200, the average yearly loss amounted to only 31, being less than 13-4 per cent.

J. W. Childers, of the English Agricultural Society, brought his sheep to shelter about Christmas, and found before two days that they did not eat so much as when exposed, by the proportion of five to three. When in the field, his flock required fifty bushels full of turnips a day; but when sheltered they needed only thirty a day. "Yet such great progress," said he, "did they make, that you would thought they had been eating fifty bushels a day, when shut up, and only thirty when in the field."

In another experiment, which was accompanied by accurate weighing and measuring, where turnips and oil-cake were given as food, the quantity of turnips diminished in a few weeks nearly one quarter, and the oil-cake diminished about one-third; while the increase of weight resulting from shelter was more than one-third. The Editor of the English Agricultural Gazette, inferred from actual experiments, performed by himself, that twice as many sheep might be kept in a fattening condition on the same quantity of food under perfect shelter, as under entire exposure. If these results were obtained in the mild climates of England, what may not be expected in our severe winters?

L. A. Morell is satisfied that at least one ton of hay to the hundred sheep is saved by protection every winter. "Of course, which I fed liberally before protection, the amount saved is equivalent to 500 bushels each year, and yet my sheep have been in finer order than when they were grazed; showing notwithstanding the virtue of grain, that there is more virtue in warm shelter." The same successful manager has also found that the aggregate increase in four clips of wool from his flock, resulting from protection, amounted to 1250 lbs.; and that the increased number of lambs exceeded 100 a year.

In view of these facts, we wish every farmer to make a calculation of the whole amount of food thus saved every winter, the increase in the weight of his sheep, the saving of life, the increase of wool, and the increase in the number of his flock.

It will cost one dollar per head, to winter sheep by the ordinary way, then to winter 1000 would cost \$1,000.

One third of this saved would be \$333.

The difference in loss by wintering, according to L. A. Morell, would be about 50 sheep, which at \$2 each, would amount to 100.

Putting the increased value of his sheep, by increase of weight, at one-tenth the value of the flock,

Increase in the fleece, say 160 lbs., 60

Increase in lambs, say 60, 50

equal the total saving every year, by the use of suitable shelter, at a very moderate estimate, and which would abundantly pay for suitable sheds, if they were erected every year.

Now is the time of year to make preparations, to prevent the disastrous results which must always attend the exposure of sheep, through our long, stormy, and freezing winters at the north.

[Albany Cultivator.]

BLACKBERRY SYRUP.—The following is the recipe for making the famous Blackberry Syrup. A correspondent of the Springfield Post says:—"I have not been without it in my family for twenty years past; and all those who try it will be sure to find it a most excellent remedy for bowel complaints."

To two quarts of blackberry juice, add half an ounce each, of powdered nutmeg, cinnamon, and allspice, and a quarter of an ounce of powdered cloves. Boil these together, to get the strength of the spices, and to preserve the berry juice. While hot add a pint of four proof pure French brandy, and sweeten with loaf sugar. Give a child two teaspoonsful three times a day, and if that does not check the disorder, you may add a little more to the quantity.

CAT AND BIRD FIGHT. A friend in the country, noticed a very singular contest a few days since. A good sized cat had caught a little chipping bird, and was rushing off with her prey, when a kingbird, attracted by the cries of the victim, came to the rescue, and gave a loud alarm, which was answered by a whole swarm of kingbirds and swallows, which attacked the cat with such ferocity that she was soon compelled to drop her victim; but the feathered avengers were not content with this. They pursued the cat, continually pecking at her, until she found shelter under a barn, creeping through a crevice, where her tormentors did not venture to follow her. [Providence Journal.]

THE PLUM.—Mr. Downing, in his valuable work on Fruit and Fruit Trees, says that the plum tree "only bears its finest and most abundant crops in heavy soils, or in soils in which there is a considerable mixture of clay. In sandy soils, the tree blossoms and sets plentiful crops, but they are rarely perfected, falling a prey to the curculio—an insect that harbors in the soil, and seems to find it difficult to penetrate or live in a heavy one,—which is exceedingly favorable to its propagation. It is also undoubtedly true that a heavy soil is naturally the most favorable one."

[Albany Cultivator.]

BURNING OF A GASOMETER.—At Allegheny city, Pittsburgh, on the evening of the 12th, members of the congregation of the Protestant Methodist church, which is lighted up with gas made therein, were raising the gasometer out of the water, supposing it to be empty, when the gas ignited from a candle, burst the gasometer with a loud report, and set fire to the gas house. The fire was quickly subdued, but Mr. Herron, the sexton; Mr. Brown, a pedlar; Wm. Karna, postmaster at Allegheny; James Russell, carpenter; Mr. Isler, Henry Williams, grocer; and M. M. Eyster were dangerously, and perhaps some of them fatally burnt. The church was not much injured.

FRAUD IN WOOL.—A short time since, Mr. Ezra Smith, of Montkton, a man who has long sustained a good reputation for honesty, sobriety and industry, sold to Messrs. Parkers a large quantity of Wool. A few days since when packing up the wool, the discovery was made that each bale, (above one hundred and fifty in number), contained from a pound to a pound and a half of plaster parge, closely wrapped and secured by means of the top lugs of the bales. Smith was arrested and placed under bonds. [Verdeennes Vermonter.]

Management of Poultry.

MR. TUCKER.—In the present July number of your Cultivator is an article headed "Fowls in yards," stating that hens kept in small yards often acquire the habit of plucking out each other's feathers, till the victims are stripped sometimes almost naked—in some cases even their crops and entrails turn out, &c., &c. The article closes with the following question: "Can any one explain the cause of this morbid appetite, or tell us the best way of keeping fowls in a yard?"

I have had but little experience in keeping fowls, but am in possession of some facts, which may perhaps furnish an answer to the first part of this question; the latter part of it is pretty fully answered by yourself in the article in question. I would remark, however, that hens require a plentiful supply of fresh water; they also need shade. A yard with a spring in it is a desideratum. Willows may be planted about the water, affording the desirable retreat; and the moist ground will retain the grasses permanently; whereas, in a dry yard, unless it be quite large, the ground will be bare as a roadway from the constant tramping and scratching.

The facts alluded to are as follows. A friend of mine engaged in the poultry trade, and at the commencement of operations, he had several hundred fowls confined in a small yard. They did very well for a period, having been regularly fed and watered; but after some weeks confinement, the habit of plucking feathers manifested itself, and his hens appeared to be losing their good condition. One morning he discovered that one of his fowls had been nearly devoured, the skeleton and some fragments remaining. He supposed some animal had gained access to the yard, but could find no evidences of the supposed visitor, but without success. At noon of the same day, on looking into the yard, he saw another of the fowls just run down, and a group of hens around it devouring it most voraciously. The next morning another victim suffered in the same way.

He took the hint by this time, and without delay procured and kept them supplied with fresh beef, mutton, &c., and he lost no more fowls in that way. It is well known also what avidity hens are for confined in yards will seize and devour insects, worms, mice, &c. These facts would seem to indicate that hens are not Granivores—that the appetite alluded to is not a morbid one, but a constitutional necessity for animal food, and that it cannot otherwise be obtained, they require upon each other.

Yours truly, C. S.
N. Am. Phalanx, N. J., July 12, '45.
[Albany Cultivator.]

The Great Artesian Well in Boston.—The project of sinking an Artesian Well to the depth of some seventeen hundred feet in this city, is exciting a good deal of attention. The more it is examined, the more its importance becomes manifest, and the greater appears to be the desire of the public that it should be carried into effect. The estimated cost is thirty thousand dollars; and for this sum of money, it is asserted that the contractors will be able to complete this novel and most promising enterprise within the short period of little more than a year.

It has been proposed to carry on the work by means of a steam engine, kept in operation both day and night, instead of employing manual labor, and the done in constructing the famous Artesian Well at Grenelle. In this way it will be perceived that a vast amount of labor will be saved, and that the project can be prosecuted with the utmost dispatch and advantage; so that, indeed, this Artesian Well may be seen sending up its waters an hundred feet above the surface of the earth, and furnishing not less than six hundred gallons per minute, a long time before water can be brought into Boston from any of the proposed ponds or rivers in the neighborhood. And whether water be brought in from any of those sources or not, this Artesian Well, delivering from a depth of nearly two thousand feet, waters of the purest and softest quality, and heated even to the boiling point, will not only be the greatest curiosity of the sort on this continent, but on many accounts absolutely invaluable to the capital of New England.—[Traveller.]

IMPROVING COARSE HAY. It often happens that farmers have certain wet portions of their meadows occupied with coarse grass and weeds, which are cut after the rest of their hay is made and secured. It is of course only second or third rate in quality, and is intended for the hardest class of cattle. It can be rendered very palatable, however, by a free application of salt, in frequent and successive layers as it is deposited in the stack or mow; the amount of which may vary from a half bushel of salt to a ton of hay. Coarse hay, thus prepared, is frequently preferred by cattle to fine hay not so prepared.

All hay should receive an application of salt when stacked or stored away, as the salt not only preserves it from injury in keeping, but domestic animals, which are frequently much neglected in salting in winter, thus obtain a constant and regular supply, administered to them in the best possible form. [Albany Cultivator.]

SAGACITY OF DOGS. The editor of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Advertiser is something of a philosopher, and during the sultry dog-days appears to be amusing himself by watching the gambols and studying the character of the interesting and innocent "quadrupeds with bristles," which abound in every street, giving life and music to the inhabitants of that fair city. In the course of his investigations he has with the following incident, which proves conclusively that if the conscientiousness of the dog is below par, its knowing faculties are of a respectable order: [Boston Journal.]

"On Saturday afternoon last, a large sow, accompanied by a litter of young pigs, was passing leisurely up Fulton street, when a cart coming along chanced to run over and kill one of the sucklings. It gave one unceremonious squeal as it yielded up its life, which attracted the mother to the spot. Walking around it several times, she snuff it and turned it over with her snout, but it moved not. She seemed aware that it was dead, and we fancied we could discover deep grief in the conduct of the mother sow. After lingering around it some time, another sow came trudging along with a litter of young ones about the size of her own. The disconsolate sow walked leisurely up to the new comers and apparently granted the compliment of the morning, but presently seized one of her neighbor's offspring in her mouth, made off at full speed and was pursued by the mother of the stolen pig. The latter, however, was much the smallest, and unable to overtake the thief. Giving up the chase, she returned, and on meeting the young pigs of her neighbor, seized one, carried it some distance, placed it among her own, and then drove them before her for a block or two, thinking, doubtless, that 'a fair exchange is no robbery.'"

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FRAUD IN WOOL.—A short time since, Mr. Ezra Smith, of Montkton, a man who has long sustained a good reputation for honesty, sobriety and industry, sold to Messrs. Parkers a large quantity of Wool. A few days since when packing up the wool, the discovery was made that each bale, (above one hundred and fifty in number), contained from a pound to a pound and a half of plaster parge, closely wrapped and secured by means of the top lugs of the bales. Smith was arrested and placed under bonds. [Verdeennes Vermonter.]

Remarkable Feat.

On Saturday, the 26th of July, there being, besides myself, several guests at the natural bridge, we concluded to walk up and view that stupendous prodigy of nature—and accordingly several of us repaired thither and after some time returned to a small house on the roadside, between the bridge and tavern, where we were favored with an old paper containing an account of the ascension of the bridge by Mr. Piper many years ago, from the pen of Dr. Caruthers.

While some of us, entirely incredulous, were warmly discussing its title to credibility, we were suddenly interrupted by the cry, "Some one is climbing the bridge!" We immediately rushed en masse to the top of the bridge, still inwardly doubting the possibility of what the next moment met our astonished sight—the ascension of the bridge! When we arrived there we found two gentlemen on the bridge, who pointed us to Mr. Shaver, the hero of the occasion, standing at the distance of 170 feet from the ground, on a bench (as it is termed) apparently too narrow to stand upon even without motion. From the testimony of the gentlemen present, we learn that Mr. Shaver passing by them in the morning, concluded to attempt the ascension, merely, I suppose to gratify his own curiosity or that of others.

Without any preparation, he immediately commenced climbing directly under the well known cedar stump, about fifteen paces higher up the stream than the place from whence Mr. Piper is said to have started, and withal a much more difficult place to ascend.

After going perpendicularly about 30 feet, he came to a clump of bushes, where he rested a little, and proceeded to another ledge protruding a little from the main body of rock, thence directly up the steep and rugged ledge lying between the deep ravines on each side of the stump, until he came to the bench, where I first saw him. While upon that bench, which is about forty feet from the top, Mr. Shaver inscribed his name in very legible characters, which may be seen from the top of the bridge. He then advanced up the stream, along the very edge of the awful precipice that overhangs the ravine, until he came around the opposite side of the stump from where he started. He then came to the last ascent of any danger, and it was awful to see a man attempting to climb an overhanging cliff at the distance of 180 feet from the bottom of the abyss that yawned beneath him, while in ascending his back was in some measure downward, and he had moreover frequently to remove loose stones in order to secure a hold for his hand. In making the first effort either his strength or resolution failed him, and he returned to the bench and rested.

Some of the more cautious and prudent of the company proposed sending for ropes by which to draw him up, which was hardly possible under the circumstances, as perhaps none of us had courage sufficient to venture down the ravine far enough to see him on the side where he then was. We were fearful even to speak to him. Nevertheless, after divesting himself of his boots, and swinging them around his neck with a handkerchief, he made the second effort, in which he happily succeeded, amid our happiest congratulations. He was very pale and in a perfect tremor when he arrived at the top, from which he had entirely recovered before I took my leave.

Piety of Franklin.

While the important question of the representation of the states in the Senate, was the subject of debate, and the states were equally divided upon it, Dr. Franklin moved that prayers should be attended in the Convention every morning, and in support of his motion thus addressed the President:

"Mr. President—The small progress we have made after four or five weeks of close attendance and continual reasoning with each other, our different sentiments on almost every question, several of the last producing as many votes as ayes, is methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfection of the human understanding. We indeed seem to feel our own want of political wisdom, since we have been running all about in search of it. We have gone back to ancient history for models of government, and examined different forms of those Republics which having been originally formed, with the seeds of their own dissolution, now no longer exist; and we have viewed modern states all round Europe, but find none of their constitutions suitable to our circumstances. In this situation of this assembly, groping as it were, in the dark, to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us; how has it happened, Sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights, to illuminate our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Great Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for divine protection! Our prayers, Sir, were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle, must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace, on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful friend? or do we imagine we no longer need his assistance? I have lived, Sir, a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men! And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the sacred writings, that 'except the Lord build a house, they labour in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little partial interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing governments by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, or conquest."

"I therefore beg leave to move, that henceforth, prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning, before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service."

The Americans have six hundred whale ships in the Pacific ocean, valued at more than twenty millions of dollars. The whole world besides has but half as many whale ships as we. The government is engaged in collecting a strong naval force in the Pacific for the protection of this interest.

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in Kennebec County, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work. of all kinds, as neatly executed, and at fair rates, at the Farmer Office, as at any other establishment this side of the "City of Notions." Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

Atlantic and St. Lawrence R. R.

We would ask the attention of our readers to the call in our advertising columns for the first meeting of the subscribers, which is to be held in the city of Portland, on Thursday, the twenty-fifth day of this month, (September.) It will be seen that the subscription of the first million of the capital is completed, and the Portland papers state that but a slight amount of this has come from out of Maine. It has been subscribed within the short space of sixty days, and by gentlemen who are able and willing to launch forth the change when called for. The Portlanders are enthusiastic on the subject, and are now confident that this great project will be consummated.

THE HARMONEONS. These truly excellent singers, who are acknowledged to be such by most good judges, have, for the past two or three weeks, been agreeably entertaining and pleasing the music-loving public of this section of the Kennebec county, with their sweet songs, from "grave to gay," so intermingled as not to fail of suiting the varied taste of the whole auditory. The entertainment on Monday evening was, as Doolittle would say, a huckle-berry above the previous one, and if the listeners were not perfectly satisfied and delighted, all we have to say is, that their thundering stamping upon the church floor was a mere farce, and a cruel treatment of corns and a useless destruction of sole-leather. Crosby alone is a host. He's one of the best bass singers we ever did hear, and he fingers the piano-forte no ways common, and with the violin he's perfectly at home. We commend these young men, who are gentlemen in the true sense of the word, to the lovers of "concord of sweet sounds" wherever they go. You may rest assured of getting your money's worth.

FRIGHTENED THEM INTO IT. A few winters since, a double-fisted, athletic, sun-burnt young farmer of this town, who, by industry and studiousness during his leisure hours, has treasured up a fair amount of knowledge, took it into his head that he could make something at "teaching the young idea how to shoot." Accordingly he presented himself before the school committee, passed an examination, received the necessary credentials for teaching, and then made application to the agent of a school district, in a town just below us, to teach the winter school. The agent told him that it was a very difficult one to manage—that there were many rough, fractious, pugacious boys in the district, some of whom were men grown—that they frequently "turned the master out" and broke up the school, &c., &c. All this did not in the least intimidate our hero, who was bent upon teaching. He said to the agent that, with his consent, he would commence the school, and if he did not "keep it out" and give general satisfaction, he would not charge a penny for his services. With this proviso the agent concluded to let him go ahead. He commenced his labors. The three first days he permitted the scholars to do about as they pleased, for the purpose of singling out the unruly ones. At the close of the third day, he requested all the pupils to remain a few moments, as he had a code of rules and regulations which he wished to lay before them. This done, drawing himself up to his full height, he, in a calm but determined manner, addressed them as follows: "Now, all I have to say, in conclusion, is, that if any of you are determined to violate these rules and regulations, you had better, for convenience sake, immediately speak for your coffin." Our farmer school-teacher had no farther difficulty—his rules were not violated—he kept the school out, giving unbounded satisfaction. Every time a scholar's mischievous propensity would rise, the faithful little monitor within would whisper "coffin!" and this word carried with it the desired corrective terror.

THE YANKEE BLADE—Mathews' Blade—the keenest Blade of all Down East—published in Gardiner, by Mathews & Stevens, and edited by Wm. Mathews, Esq., (hang take that Esquire! William don't like its sound, but it will attach itself whether or no,) has lately undergone a metamorphosis process, and come out a larger Blade—a better (not in quality but amount of matter) Blade—adorned as gaudily as a new-born butterfly, and shines as brightly as do the imitation gold buttons on buff vests, now all the gaudy boys who keep up with the times and wish to shine. Success to you, good friends, and may your Blade carve its way on to the literary dining tables of thousands.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE for September is before us, and as usual opens rich, both as regards embellishment and matter. "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and "Bellevue Springs," are the steel plates that embellish it. The contributions are varied and highly worthy such a periodical, which takes high rank among its contemporaries.

By the way, gentlemen publishers, we have not received the last five numbers of Mrs. Hall's Sketches of Irish Character. Our book will be incomplete without them.

TO THE RESCUE! Patriots—ye double-fisted, "sun-burnt sicklemen of August," allies sons of Ceres—ye iron-nerved, steel-shouldered army of followers of old Vulcan—ye "almighty dollar" subjects and worshippers of grasping old Mercury—ye whole-hearted souls of boisterous Neptune's dominions—yea, the whole of ye who have a voice in State affairs, are you aware that that all-important day, which is to decide whether—the present dominant party shall continue to hold on to the marrow-bone, or the other have a nibble at it—are you aware, we ask, that "lection day is at hand! Next Monday rally! Let every man be at the polls—who desires to. Let every man vote for—whom he pleases. Let every man look out for—his own bread and butter; and also for—spurious votes. Do but this, and the country is safe!

The steamer John Marshall has been taken on to the railway in Portland, for the purpose of repairing her copper. She will be on the line again in a few days. The steamer Portland is now running in place of the Marshall.

We learn that the Hotel at Cuthance village, Bowdoinham, owned by Mr. Leonard, was consumed by fire on Friday last. It is said that the loss will be nearly covered by insurance.

Down East Greenies.

We were somewhat amused, a few weeks since, at a conversation we were obliged to listen to, while traveling in a stage coach. The passengers inside consisted of some half dozen light-hearted, gay, frolicsome young misses from the Lowell factories, a fair one from the City of Notions, who had never before ventured beyond the limits of the great metropolis of New England, a couple of lively Down East boys, who were "up to snuff," and our humble self. We passed through a region not the pleasantest in the State, taken as a whole, though some portions of it are indeed beautiful. The young ladies were alive to observation, and were busily engaged in instituting comparisons between the humble dwellings along the route and some of the largest and most magnificent edifices in Boston and Lowell; and also between the personal appearance of "Down East greenies" whom they met very frequently, and the nice young gentlemen of the above named cities. They were very earnest, and appeared highly satisfied with the conclusions they arrived at; and the way the poor, ignorant, ill-bred, awkward, ungenteel, know-nothing "Down East greenies" had to take it, was a caution to all present.

We were as highly entertained as they seemed to be elated, and dared not to say a word for fear of being pounced upon—therefore we kept as silent as a tomb-stone and quite as grave, though our inner man was the reverse of this. With them it was all Boston and Lowell and Down East, nothing else. By and by our Boston miss observed that she could tell a "Down East greenie" the moment she put her eye on him, and went on to give some of his characteristics, &c., &c. This put the deuce into one of our male friends, who assumed to be very "green" indeed, and who determined to test the knowing powers of the fair dame. The stage horse in sight of a corn field, some thirty to fifty rods from the road-side. Our hero espied the object of his search, and turning to the initiated miss, he said:

"Thar, now, do you see that ar' chap away thar among the corn hills?"

"Ah yes, I have a fair view of him, and he is indeed a beauty. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wal, can you tell us whether that am one o' your Down East greenies what you've been tellin' on?"

"Ha, ha, ha! A perfect specimen! Delightful! How graceful his position—how smoothly his coat and pants set—ha, ha, ha! What a beautiful leg-horn hat he sports, and how lightly and prettily it sets upon his head! Ha, ha, ha! Exquisite indeed! A perfect Down East greenie! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wal, now, you're sure you're right, I s'pose?"

"Oh, certainly. It's a perfect, exquisite specimen!"

"Wal, now," said our hero, clapping his right hand thumb to the farthest extremity of his nasal organ, and arranging his fingers in a well known style—"I'm after thinking that you're sucked in a little on that chap. He's a real Boston feller, all cloth and straw, who strayed down here among the stumps to see the greenies, and gettin' lost in the bush, and bein' hard pushed for coppers, this ere farmer took mercy on him, and hired him to stan' in the corn field, at twenty-five coppers a day, to scare the crows away, and he makes an all-smashin' good scare-crow, by hokey! Now, s'nt you a leetle green?"

You're nothin' else, by gosh!"

We have only to say that there was nothing more said about "Down East greenies."

EDITORIAL CHANGE. The Rev. George C. Beckwith, Secretary of the American Peace Society, has vacated the editorial chair of the Advocate of Peace, which is hereafter to be filled by Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, and editor of the Christian Citizen. We know of no one better qualified for this station than Mr. B.

MODEST, VERT. The Baltimore Clipper says that a pretty miss, walking on the beach of Cape May with her sentimental swain, was so shocked by his indecent allusion to the "heaving bosom" of the ocean, that she gave him the "mitten" immediately. She's quite as modest as the one who fainted away in church when the good parson said it was his intention to show up in its "naked" deformity.

TRAVELING. It beats the deuce how many people there are traveling the present season. Our steamboats are overloaded three-quarters of the time. It is said that on Tuesday last week, the steamboat Massachusetts conveyed seven hundred and eighty-five passengers from Stonington to New York.

DU TELL. We find the following in an exchange paper:

"A place for the girls. Nine marriages took place in the little town of Bangor, Me., in one day last week."

"Little town of Bangor." Show, now, you don't say it. The city of Bangor is a little town? Du tell. Out upon such libelous paragraphs on the queen city of Down East! It may be that the man meant to say, the little town of Horry.

A SENSIBLE MAN. Some of the papers state that a Tennessee candidate for Congress, gives the following among other reasons why his claims should be respected—"Because I am not above mixing with my equals and superiors." He's entitled to a seat in our National Legislature.

"Sam, they say you're a leetle the 'arliest riser in these diggings. For my life on me I can't get up afore half past seven, and then breakfast is as cold as them ice-bugs you've heered tell on. Now, Sam, if you'll tell us how you manage to rise so 'arly, I'll pay the beer."

"Nuff ced, Bob. It's just as easy as you please. I uses a salutaris piller. If you wants to rise at six in the mornin', you must go to bed by ten at night; and if you wants to rise by five, you must turn in by nine, and so on. Thar's the hull secret, Bob."

KILLING RABBITS. An old friend tells us that he came the death over a host of rabbits, that troubled his sweet apples, in this wise. He halved the apples, and sprinkled on them a good supply of Scotch snuff. Next morning he went into the orchard, which was within a few rods of the woods, and there counted five hundred dead rabbits, killed by sneezing their brains out! How many there were between the orchard fence and the forest he could not tell, as he had'n't time to count them. We think that had he waited till his head.

We learn that the Hotel at Cuthance village, Bowdoinham, owned by Mr. Leonard, was consumed by fire on Friday last. It is said that the loss will be nearly covered by insurance.

Fatal destruction of the Iron Steamer Bangor, by Fire.

We are indebted to Jerome & Co's Express, arrived this morning, for intelligence of the destruction of the Steamship Bangor. She was on her passage from Boston to this city, with thirty-two passengers, and filled with freight. At four o'clock yesterday afternoon, when within sight of Castine, a fire broke out near the smoke pipe, in the vicinity of the hose pipe, and rendering it useless for the emergency. When first discovered the fire appeared little larger than a man's hand, but immediately and instantaneously spread. The course of the ship was changed, and she ran into Dark Harbor, on Long Island, in the town of Isleboro, where she was entirely consumed together with all her freight.

The passengers and crew were all landed in safety and taken to Castine, and will arrive here probably in the course of the day.

Much credit is due to Lieut. Foss, of the Revenue service, and to the captain and owners of the schooner Penobscot, of Castine, for their worthy exertions in proceeding to the scene of destruction and rendering aid to the passengers and others. Many other citizens of Castine went out promptly with their boats and ready to render any service in their power.

The cry of distress was raised in behalf of one woman who could not make her escape. Mr. Jerome made two desperate efforts to reach her, but was driven back by the suffocating smoke. She was at length rescued from her perilous situation by being drawn out from the after part of the cabin. The progress of the flames was so great that the two boats on the deck of the Steamship were able to launch but one of them.

It is thought that the fear of an explosion and of the effects of portions of the freight, such as spirits, oil, &c., led to less exertions in saving freight than might have been effective. On opening the hatch-ways to get at the freight, the violence of the smoke was so dense and suffocating and the fire raged with such violence that the work was abandoned.

She was filled with valuable freight, but it is not known to what extent the goods may be insured. We regret to learn that probably only a small part of the goods are insured, and that there is no insurance upon the ship.

A number of our citizens have gone down to-day in the steamer Jefferson, to view the wreck, and if possible to secure some part of the property not destroyed.

We have no special information as to the origin of the fire, but it is stated that her deck beams rested upon the boilers and were fitted to them! If this was the case there is no mystery about her taking fire, for no fact is better established than that iron may be heated by steam sufficiently high to set wood on fire.

The foregoing news issued from this office in an extra, has caused much sensation in our community. This was in part growing out of the fact of the uncertainty as to whom had freighted and the amount, and the uncertainty as to the amount of insurance.

[Bangor Whig, Sept. 1.]

Cassius M. Clay and the Free Press.

The experiment of establishing a press in a slave state, to set forth the evils of slavery, and to advocate the rights of the poor black man, has been signally and summarily defeated. We have before given some correspondence between Mr. Clay and a committee of citizens of Kentucky, respecting his publication of a paper in Lexington, excited in the community. Our readers may judge by reading the following letter from the editor of the Louisville Journal, which is dated at Lexington, August 15.

"During the whole forenoon of to-day the popular excitement was very high. Many anticipated that the meeting at 3 P. M. would draw down the amount of the True American. Clay, in anticipation of such an attempt, made his will, armed himself, and sent to his office (being too sick to sit up for any great length of time) a bed to be occupied by him during the day. At 3 P. M. I went to the Court House and found it full. Beverly Hicks was in the chair. Mr. Waters, in behalf of the committee, reported C. M. Clay's letter, and offered a long preamble and a resolution, which was read by the Hon. T. F. Marshall, and unanimously adopted. The preamble was a warm rejoinder to Clay's handbill. The resolution was that a meeting of the citizens of Lexington and Fayette be held at the Court House, on Monday next, at eleven o'clock, A. M. for the purpose of such measure as may be deemed expedient. The adjournment was quiet.

The meeting of Monday will be tremendous. What it will do I am of course unable to say. It may postpone ultimate action, but it will think the most universal impression is that I will resolve it into a committee for the redress of grievances, and demolish the 'True American' office, though every body understands that the editor will have to be killed first, and that he is somewhat difficult to kill.

This is a most lamentable state of affairs. What effect the killing of C. M. Clay will have in the free states, in exasperating the abolitionists, and swelling their numbers, you can judge as well as I.

The meeting alluded to above, was held. It was full, stormy, and violent. Its members adopted a series of resolutions, presented by T. F. Marshall, the last of which declared—"The press we will stop—peaceably if we can—forcibly if we must." A committee was sent to the office, the key was delivered to them, and the committee upon their return reported progress, and stated in a few hours the press would be on the cars, and would be moved from the state. A letter from Cincinnati, addressed to the editor of the New York Tribune, gives the conclusion of the movement:

"CINCINNATI, August 20, 1845.—Horace Greeley—Cassius M. Clay's press is destroyed. The mass meeting on Monday last, at Lexington, appointed a committee of sixty to take possession of it—to box it up, and to ship it to Cincinnati. This they did."

Poor Clay was too sick to leave his house. I am not sorry it was so. God will preserve his life for nobler works yet to be done."

This has passed and fallen the first effort to establish a press in the southern states, the design of which was to set forth the evils of slavery. If its originator, or those who believed with him, had attempted to throw light upon the ill effects of monarchy in the capital of the most despotic government of Europe, the design could not have been more absurd, and chimerical. The crowned heads of Europe have the same power which is possessed by the slaveholders of the southern states, to wit, physical force, and any attempt to interfere with the hereditary right of either, is like a man to experience nothing but defeat and discomfiture. (Boston Courier.)

Explosion of a powder mill—two men killed.—One of the powder mills in this city, owned by Oliver H. Whipple, Esq., exploded this forenoon at half past nine o'clock, by which, we regret to say, two valuable lives were lost. The mill is the one called the "graining mill," on the bank of Concord river, about a mile from the heart of the city, and has been worked without accident for the last twenty-three years. Only a part of the works were in operation at the time of the accident, in which two men were employed. Their names were Albert J. Brown and Gardner Boynton. It is not known what occasioned the explosion. The body of Mr. Boynton was blown all to pieces; one of his legs was found across the river. Brown was alive when discovered. He was thrown into the roadway. He died, however, in a few minutes after the accident. His body was not mutilated, though it was completely blackened. Both of the men were about thirty years of age. Brown, who is from Windham, New Hampshire, has left a wife and two children. Boynton has left a wife and two children.

The report of the explosion was heard all over the city. It is supposed there were in amount between twenty-five and thirty kegs of powder in the mill. This is a very sad affair, and no one will feel more grieved for the loss of the two valuable lives than Mr. Whipple, whose good works and liberal spirit are well known. [Lowell Journal.]

The Boston Traveller of Saturday evening, says: About two o'clock this morning, an attempt was made to set fire to the plans manufacturing establishment of James Stevens, No. 6, Merrimack street. The porter of the Merrimack House fortunately was up, and discovered the fire in time to prevent an extensive conflagration. Two children of Mr. Stevens were sleeping at the time, in a chamber over the shop.

More Trouble on the Long Island Railroad.—We learn from a gentleman who came on in the Long Island train on Saturday evening last, that a large body of rioters attacked and drove off the train on the road, at a place called Millville, about sixty miles this side of Brooklyn, and proceeded to tear up the rails for a distance of several rods. They also cut off the uprights of a bridge and committed other outrages. The bridge was not entirely cut away, but left so that a train of cars might have run on it, before the danger could have been perceived; in which case they would have been precipitated down a deep abyss. Fortunately the state of the track was discovered in time to prevent any such accident, but not sufficiently early to allow an opportunity to repair the damage; so that the passengers and baggage of the Long Island mail, and the Greenport accommodation trains, which were on either side of the break, had to be transferred, the one to the other, and both were obliged to back along the track over their respective courses.

The Long Island train brought on about 150 passengers, and there was not near room for them and their baggage on the Greenport train, which compelled the conductor to obtain a platform car, on which the baggage was piled, and several of the passengers were obliged to stand to hold it on. The passengers did not reach Boston until some time after 11 o'clock on Saturday night.

The bridge above mentioned passes over the common road, and is considerably elevated. It has no stone abutments, but is built entirely of wood. The upright timbers on each end were entirely cut away with axes, and the bridge left so as to present no appearance of danger from the road, and yet to be absolutely unsafe for the passage of the train. The track was torn up for a distance of many rods on the eastern side of the bridge. The men by whom this great outrage was committed, were about forty in number, and their faces were blacked and their persons otherwise disguised. The watchman who discovered them was seized by them and severely beaten. He escaped, however, so as to give seasonable notice of what had occurred, and thus to prevent, undoubtedly, a great sacrifice of life to the dreadful spirit of revenge which seems to pervade a certain portion of the people of Long Island. [Boston Traveller.]

SENeca INDIANS.—To-day, a grand Council of the Seneca Indians will be held at their Council house on the Reservation, adjoining this city, and to-morrow they will receive their annuities. This will be the last assembly of these Indians on the grounds, and their fathers have so long dwelt upon them. They are making preparations to remove to Cattaraugus—many of them have already gone—and hereafter all councils will be held, and their annuities paid them there. The final dispossession of these Indians of their long-cherished home is sad to think upon, but we have no doubt their condition will be vastly bettered by their removal—indeed a decided improvement is already manifest among those who have removed to Cattaraugus. Afar from the temptations of a large town, they have gone to work, and are even now beginning to enjoy many comforts they have not known for years.

[Buffalo Com. Tuesday.]

FLORIDA.—The General Assembly of Florida terminated its first session on the 26th ult. A new system was adopted, in which lands are taxed 20 cents per 100 acres; town property 10 cents upon the \$100; free negroes \$3 each; slaves 37 1/2 cents; billiard tables \$25; liquor sellers \$30; ten pin alleys \$10; pedlars \$50; itinerant merchants \$100; merchant's stock in trade, 20 cents upon every hundred dollars; money loaned at interest, 20 cents upon every hundred dollars; commissions of commission merchants, 20 cents on every hundred dollars; lawyers and doctors, 20 cents on every hundred dollars of their income; pleasure carriages 50 cents on every hundred dollars of valuation; cattle over one hundred head, at the rate of one dollar per hundred head. The Governor's salary is fixed at \$1500; the Comptroller and Treasurer \$800 each, &c.

[Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.]

MURDER AT SEA.—H. C. Curtis, master of the bark Warwick, from Bangor, was murdered at St. Croix, on the 1st of August, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, by one of his crew named Jonathan Moore.

In the scuffle the captain received four stabs with a knife, two of which were mortal, and terminated in his death on the following day, at 2 P. M. His remains, according to his request, have been preserved in spirits, for the purpose of being transmitted to his bereaved family.

The cause of the quarrel is not stated. Moore was in prison at St. Croix, and it is supposed will be sent home by the American Consul for the purpose of being tried. The above information was brought by schooner Comet, at this port, from St. Thomas. [Baltimore Patriot.]

MURDER.—A man named Fowler, was cruelly murdered, on Tuesday morning last, in the town of Niles, Cayuga County, N. Y., by his father. The old man was intoxicated, and had driven his wife from the house. She took refuge at her son's, near by; and he proceeded to his father's dwelling, to protect it. Upon opening the door, he was stabbed through the body, by the old man; and, before another son arrived, had received twelve horrible gashes.—[See.]

Caution to Lime-burners.—On Thursday last, says the York (Pa.) Gazette, a man named Patrick Brady, employed at the lime-kiln of Mr. David Smyser, near Lewisburg, descended into the kiln, to examine the performance of his work. He was immediately overpowered by the carbonic acid gas generated in the process of burning lime, and fell upon his face. Mr. Christian Bayler descended with humane promptitude to Brady's assistance, became also severely affected by the noxious gas, and was probably only saved from death by his presence of mind in throwing out his arms to some neighbors standing by, who with difficulty drew him out. Brady's body was then instantly withdrawn, and every effort made to revive him, but in vain—life was completely extinct.

THE ANTI-RENTERS. The correspondent of the Argus, writing from Delhi, Aug. 23, says: "The work goes bravely on. In addition to the six prisoners mentioned in my last, as having been brought in yesterday, deputy sheriff Preston brought in another from Roxbury, Allan McKane, and last evening a detachment of five men from Corbin's posse, brought in five more. John Whitson, Jr., was compelled to answer the charge of murder, on his own confession."

Some interesting facts were drawn out as to the organization of "Indian association," &c., &c. He mentioned one having between 700 and 800 members, mostly from two towns in this county, although some were from Greene and Ulster counties.

This evening, a posse of 40 men, under Deputy Sheriff Preston, left here, charged with the arrest of some 25 to 30 more, who are implicated in this affair. I have seen and conversed with a gentleman who has been with Corbin's posse, in Middletown, and he informs me that the Indians, as they were informed by good authority, had made a stand on Dry Brook, in the edge of Ulster county, and had two field pieces.

THE CASE OF KENDALL AND ELLIOTT. The correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, says:—"It is supposed that a writ of habeas corpus will be sued out during next week, and the prisoner bro't before Judge Cranch, when the whole matter will be gone over again. His counsel soon confident of his victory, the U. S. prosecutor equally so, that he will be remanded by any tribunal, to answer the charge before a jury. Elliott did not seem much affected at the decision of the justices, though his countenance was for a moment flushed, yet he conversed with his friends apparently with but little agitation."

ANOTHER OUTRAGE AT LEXINGTON.—A mob of young men at Lexington, animated by the example of their seniors, on the next night after the removal of the True American press, made an attack upon several free negroes, and, in the language of the Lexington Inquirer, "beat them in a most cruel and inhuman manner, tarring and feathering one of them in a public square." A public meeting was subsequently held, to prevent a recurrence of these outrages.

Orders have been received at the Brooklyn Navy Yard to prepare the store ship Lexington for sea. She will take a cargo of provisions on board, and proceed to the Gulf of Mexico without delay.

From Mexico!

The Union of August 24th, says that Gen. Gaines made the requisition for Louisiana Militia upon the Governor of Louisiana, which he deemed to be the only information brought by the Water Witch. The Union says it is not advised that any more authentic it adds that authentic letters from New Orleans, to July 30th, leave the question precisely as it stood \$15,000,000 had not been adopted, and its passage, says the Union, was "still some what doubtful, though probable."

The Union says, that the best way to prevent peace is to be prepared to resist invasion, at once. The President will proceed with his measures for defence, deeming the powers with which he is clothed sufficient for the consequences, without the action of Congress. He does not intend, therefore, at present to call an extra session.

In another paragraph, the Union says that "Gen. Gaines has made, it is said, a requisition on the Gov. from the Secretary of War, without any instruction, or any other information, subsequent to what was brought by the Water Witch."

The Charleston Mercury, of the 23d, publishes a letter from Havana, dated the 14th ult., from which we make the following extract, as containing running actual condition of our Mexican relations:

"The American Consul has excited some surprise here by his conversations on our relations with Mexico. He states, with apparent confidence, that the Committee of the United States and Mexico. The subject had been referred, had reported in favor of the loan of \$15,000,000, for by the Minister of Foreign Relations; that order had been given, and approved by the War Committee, to march the troops (said to be 8000) nearest the frontier, to the leagues east of the Rio Bravo, there to entrain themselves, and await any attack made upon them. It is understood that the State of Coahuila, late Secretary of the Mexican Consul, C. R. here) has received intelligence of Mexico, a decided character—that war is absolutely declared. Santa Anna, in a very low spirit, disapproves. Gen. at this time, and thinks Mexico was never less prepared for it. The whole country is excited upon the subject, and cannot be brought to direct their attention and energies to the defence of the country. The ablest Generals are absent, himself here, Gen. Wolf, in Europe. It is also understood that the title navy is sent to Jamaica for safety, leaving to them in Gen. Comner's reach."

LATER FROM MEXICO.—Bustamante, Commander of the Forces against Texas. The fifteen Million loan authorized. The bark Ann Louisa, Capt. Marshall, has arrived from New York from Vera Cruz. She sailed on the 3d ult.

Previous and up to the departure of the bark Ann Louisa from Vera Cruz, the Mexican Government were making great preparations for war. They had taken all the guns and munitions of war out of the Castle of St. Juan de Ulloa, fearing in the event of an attack, they would fall into the hands of the Americans.

A large number of troops had marched for the frontier of Texas. The whole force, when assembled, were to be under the command of Gen. Bustamante, the Mexicans, Capt. H. states, say the United States are sending troops into Texas, and they, the Mexicans, will march through the mountains to the Capital, at Washington, without declaring war. Congress have passed the bill permitting the Government to borrow \$15,000,000 to carry on the war. This amount they confidently expect to raise in England.

The American Squadron had not arrived at Vera Cruz, but was hourly expected. It is the opinion of prominent men at Vera Cruz that Almonte would be elected President, in the event of which they say war will be inevitable. The Ann Eliza, brings only \$19,798 in specie.

FROM MATAMORAS.—News has been received at New Orleans confirming the previous intelligence in relation to the movements made by the Mexican troops.

Gen. Arista had reached within a day's march of Matamoras with 3000 troops, starving, unpaid, and rapidly deserting.

Gen. Paredes is actually on the march for Monterey with about 4000 men, and is to continue to Matamoros or points higher up. Gen. Gavina, with 2000 troops, is on his way to the same frontier. These forces make up the 10,000 concerning whom so many rumors have been circulated.

It was rumored at Matamoras that Congress had granted the requisite loan. Gen. Bustamante has been ordered into New Mexico.

NEW BOAT.
Kennebec and Boston Steam
Navigation.—1845.

The new, safe, and commodious Steamer

KENNEBEC,
Capt. NATHANIEL KIMBALL,

WILL, until further notice, run between Hallowell and Boston, leaving Hallowell, every **MONDAY** and **THURSDAY** afterwards, at half past 2, Gardiner at and Bath at 6 o'clock P. M.

Returning, leave north side of T. Wharf, Boston, **WEDNESDAYS** and **FRIDAYS**, at 7 o'clock P. M.

Fare \$1.00.—Meals Free.

The proprietors of the Kennebec think they hazard nothing in saying she is the best Boatowner on the Eastern water, either for *safety* or *accommodations*.
Good stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat, to convey passengers to almost any town desired.

HOWARD & PAGE, Agents, Hallowell.
GEORGE STUBBS, }
J. D. GARDINER, } Agents, Gardiner.

Hallowell, June 23, 1845. 16

New and Elegant Stock of Dry Goods,
AT PIERCE'S
Cheap Cash Store, nearly opposite the Post Office.

A. J. PIERCE, Dry Goods Merchant, &c.

opening a large and beautiful assortment of *Spring and Summer Goods* for sale, amongst which are a large variety of *ladies' and Gentlemen's Dress Goods* to be found in the market. His stock consists in part of the following articles, viz:—

Broadcloths of all colors and prices from \$1.75 to \$5 per yard; *Cassimeres*, dockings, satinetts, and vestings, with every variety of *travelling goods* for summer clothing.

Gent's furnishing goods.—*Neckties*, cravats, bowties, bosoms and collars, handkerchiefs, suspenders, &c.

Ladies' dress goods.—A larger and cheaper assortment can be had ever before offered.

Shawls.—To this branch of his stock the particular attention of purchasers is invited—for he has the richest assortment that has been brought into this market since spring opened.

Domestic goods.—Merriman, Lawrence, Exeter, Bart-

knackings and drillings—a good assortment.

Miscellaneous articles—Gloves and hose, pins, needles, pens, books and eyes, mourning wrought and net veils, green lawns, lace, &c. &c.

A. J. P., grateful for past patronage, invites all to call and examine his goods. If the article does not suit, or the price cannot be agreed upon, no harm is done. All such will receive his thanks for their visit, and his best wishes for their success in all their undertakings. *Wherever they claim the right to dwell* *where they will obtain a better bargain than it will be his earnest desire to give.*

Augusta, May 1, 1845. 19

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

WATSON F. HALETT is the regular authorized Agent for the sale of the above valuable Pills.

January 8, 1845. 12

Nuts and Bolts.
FOR sale one hundred sets axle nuts and bolts.
LEWIS P. MEAD & CO.
Augusta, April 8, 1845. 15

SUPERIOR LEMON SYRUP and SARSAPARIL.
SLA MEAD & CO. by
July 23. DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL.

R. CORMEL'S PAIN EXTRACTOR, warranted
equal to any in use, sold at half price. 25 cents per
box, by DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL, Agents.
Augusta, July 23. 20

HARRISON'S
PERISTALTIC LOZENGES.

They are without a rival for the cure of Indigestion or
Dyspepsia, (Acid, Gurgles or acies) Liver Com-
plaint, Costiveness, Bilious Attacks, Tie Douloureux, Jaun-
dice, Flatulence, Oppression after eating, Weak Stomach,
Debility, Lowness of Spirits, Chronic Diarrhoea or East
India complaint, Flies, Worms, Amenorrhoea or Suppres-
sion of the Menstrual Period, and all the various
obstructions they are safe and effectual. Hundreds of
ladies in this city and Boston have used no other medicine,
by advice of their family physicians, and have been cured.

A sure, safe, and cheap cure for Piles.
Mr. Harrison—Having given your Peristaltic Lozenges and Pile Remedy a fair trial, I have the satisfaction to inform you that they have operated wonderfully in my case. I have not been able for months to do any work at my trade owing to excruciating hemorrhoids. I feel myself now recovered. The severe pain which I had in my stomach is gone, and my strength is fast returning. I had used various remedies to no purpose, until I tried your medicine.

also experienced great benefit from your remedy. I cheerfully recommend the medicine to all suffering with that distressing complaint.—*The Pills.* EDWARD H. LEWIS.
Lynn, Sept. 27, 1844.

38 Ask for Harrison's Pile Remedy. Price only 50 cts.
Both of these medicines are for sale by J. E. LADD,
Augusta, and S. ADAMS, Hallowell. ly29

Jaundice Elixir,
OR Vegetable Health Restorative, for Indigestion,
Jaundice and bilious complaints. These bitter
are not unrivaled for the above complaints, so prevalent at
this season of the year. For sale by
DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL.
March 24, 1845. 13

Cornstarch & Co.

HAVE appointed **DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL** agents for the sale of Dr. Lin's Temperance Bitters, and Chain of Clasp, an excellent remedy for rheumatic pains. Summer Cordial for summer complaints in children. McMan's Elixir of Opium. Mican's Freckle wash; warranted to remove Freckles without injuring the skin. Bartholomew's Pink Expectant Syrup. Hair Dye. Hair Eradicator, Brown's Sarsaparilla, and various Bitters, &c. &c. Books descriptive of the above, gratis.

DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL.
August, June, No. 3, Market Square.

COFFINS.

JOSEPH WELLS, at No. 7, Bridge's Block, has on hand, and is prepared to furnish Coffins for sale, from twenty to forty birch and pine **COFFINS**, large and small. They will be used as desired, and plates furnished at short notice.

are to send from three to ten miles for them as they frequently do. Mahogany Coffins will be made at the shortest notice possible. Also, constantly for sale a general assortment of—

FURNITURE AND CHAIRS,

Among which are some elegant sofas and bedsteads, equal, if not superior, to any in the country. Bureaus, work and other tables, cribs, cradles, trundle bedsteads, and many other articles like the furniture line. All in want are respectfully invited to call.

Augusta, 2d April, 1845. 3m18

A New Remedy at a Low Price!

WALD'S VEGETABLE GUM RHEUMATIC

Is a powerful and safe remedy for all rheumatic, and highly approved, especially for the cure of Rheumatism, Contraction of Joints, Pains in the Side, Back and Limbs, and is much

Rich Plasters are used. None gives such entire satisfaction as this. Price, 25 cents for a small and 37½ cents for a large box.

For sale by Reuben Partridge, J. W. Patterson, Augustus, at the Fountain of Health, Hollowell; Allen Clark, C. Dickman, Gardiner; A. H. & H. P. Clark, Pittston; Lorenzo Crowell, Waterville; Albert Fuller, Skowhegan; Levi Emery, Jr., Bloomfield.

All applications for admission must be made to JOHN SAWYER, 35, Esq., Monmouth, Me., (post paid), which will be attended to.

20¢

Boots, Shoes, and Leather
C. B. MOKTON,
Water Street, Augusta,
OFFERS for sale a large and general assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Leather Goods, and other articles, on as favorable terms as they can be purchased at any other store on the river.

May 5, 1845.

3m19

The Muse.

From the S. C. Temperance Advocate.

Address to the Evening Star.

Star of the calm and silent night,
Well may I wake the lyre to thee,
Whose cheering beams have blessed my sight,
For more than half a century;
And still amid each change that came,
I found thy smiling face the same.

Oh! bath thy pure and silvery beam,
Behold me when a shepherd boy,
Indulge in many a fairy dream,
Of future bliss, and future joy;
As to the fold I took my way,
To pen my charge at close of day.

And far upon the mighty deep,
A lonely exile, a poor wretch,
Thou'st seen me stand alone to weep,
For distant friends and native life;
While thou, as if in sympathy,
Seem'st melted into tears with me.

Thou'st seen me as I stood unknown
Where cities rise, and forests wave,
Or wandered pensive and alone,
Where streams glide, and torrents rave,
And all was strange and new to me,
Save but thy sister stars and thee.

Thy radiant light doth summon me
To seek the place of secret prayer,
And with thy holy ecstasy,
I find peace and pardon there;
While borrowed rays of light divine,
Methinks, sweet star of Eve, are thine.

And though around my lowly bier,
No early friends be seen to weep,
Nor kindred hallow with a tear,
The humble grave in which I sleep;
Thy faithful beams, dear star, will come,
To shed their lustre o'er my tomb.

Star of the mildly hazy day,
Still to the skies at eve repair,
And cheer the exile far away,
And smile upon the child of prayer;
Till Sun and Moon and Stars are by,
Be lost in clouds of endless day.

COLUMBIA, S. C. CAROLAN.

*The author is the son of a shepherd.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

To the Summer Shower.

By Mrs. C. L. HENTZ.

Thou art welcome, greet welcome, oh! life-giving shower!
Earth opens to thee, her hundred arms—
She clasps thee with smiles to her bosom once more,
And decks with thy treasures her sun-faded charms.

The trees of the forest their long banners sweep,
And tuck their green plumes in thy silvery spray—
And the exuberant life in their feverish sleep,
Unfurls its light wings, and flies murmuring away.

The roses, that long had hung pale on their stems,
And pined for the kiss of the shimmering gleam,
Now curl their soft leaves, to imbricate thy gems,
Ere the sunbeams their vanishing brightness gleam.

The birds bid thee welcome, oh! soft-falling shower,
They bathe in thy moisture their quivering wings—
And, oh! the sweetest anthem that rolls through the bowers,
The chorus that through the green orchards rings.

The streams bid thee welcome—oh! beautiful shower—
They ripple, they leap at thy joyous return—
The nymphs of the fountain are weeping no more,
But fill, from thy bounty, the earth's empty urn.

They hail ye with rapture, oh! crystalline drops—
The birds, and the streamlets, the trees, and the flowers—
And man in the glances of rain-born hopes,
Reclines his warm brow on the cool-bosomed hours.

Ye're fading, ye're vanishing, fair pearls of the sky—
But fragrance and beauty remain in thy stead—
So spirit sends up a sweet incense on high,
When o'er it the dew of repentance is shed.

The Story Teller.

From the Saturday Courier.

THE KENNEBEC SLOOP And the English Cruisers.

A Tale of the Last War.

By Prof. J. H. INGRAM.

The river Kennebec, in Maine, is without a rival in New England, either for its historic associations or the beauty of its natural scenery. It rises among the passes of the highlands that form the north-east boundary line, between the United States and Canada, and after flowing through a romantic region for many leagues, enters a valley of surpassing beauty, through which it meanders between level intervals of the richest verdure. The waters of this river are remarkable for their limpid transparency, while in a body their appearance is nearly black. The hills that rise on either shore are bold and nobly wooded; and here and there from above the silently gliding wave, dark granite precipices, clad with moss and the graceful wreaths of the mountain vine whose beauty is ever-verdant. Falls and rapids, characterized by wildness and even sublimity, at intervals, break the dark rolling tide of this beautiful river, and with their roar awaken the echoes of the forest-clad hills.

Numerous picturesque villages adorn its banks, and substantial farm-houses, with uplands and lowlands shining with golden grain, meet the eye at every league. The capital of the State, Augusta, stands upon a fine table or plateau, seventy feet above the river, in the bosom of embracing hills, and commanding some of the loveliest scenery in the north. Its waters are enlivened by the canavass of thriving commerce, and its umbrageous streets of villas indicate a population of wealth and refined taste.

Below the capital, the river laves the shores of other fair towns, rivals in prosperity of the capital, and reflects upon its glassy bosom from either shore the mansions of luxury. Before reaching the sea, it leaps all at once from a deep gorge, in whose rocky arm it has been for some minutes confined, and spreads out into a noble bay a league in breadth. At the southern side of this broad expanse, it enters another rocky pass between rocky islets, and sweeping along a few more miles further, with stately motion, passing the handsome town of Bath, it rolls between wild precipices with old-time fortresses, to discharge its shining waters frowning into the blue ocean.

It is in the vicinity of Bath, and one of these fortresses at the mouth of the river, that we lay the scene of our story. If we have lingered to discourse of the fair Kennebec,* it is because our heart is with this beautiful river. Upon its banks we spent our boyhood, and in maturer age we have chosen it as our summer home. We love its dark waters, its green-wooded hills, its valleys and its rocky cliffs. In no land have we found a river of such beauty! The Hudson is majestic and grandly beautiful in its features; the Kennebec, is the Hudson in miniature; and if the tasteful traveler will come and visit it in the spring and summer time, when the sun is bright and the winds are still, he will gaze upon its pleasant shores, and beautiful windings with scarce less pleasure, without the awe, than he has felt in passing up the Hudson.

*Kennebec is the Indian name for the river, and its signification is "The dark flowing water."

There is a fortress near the mouth of this river, just on the skirts of the sea, called Fort Hunnewell. It is now dismantled, and is a celebrated resort in July weather for the Kennebeckers. It was erected during the last war to defend the entrance to the river. It is situated on a low beach, which, half a mile northward, is commanded by a bold headland a hundred feet in height, on which also frowns the ruins of a battery. The scenery around is made up of rocky islands, bold headlands, the river penetrating far inland, the ocean spreading its bosom away south and eastwardly, ever and forever heaving as if it were earth's great heart! A few fishermen's huts dot the sides of the shores, and the tower of Seguin light glitters white upon the head of its porpoise-shaped island. The fisher's skill rocks lightly on the sea, and upon the hazy horizon rests a sail or two, so distant that they seem fixed like shining pinnacles of white marble lifting their tops above the ocean.

At the period of our story, which was near the close of the last war, two British armed vessels had been cruising off the mouth of the river for some days, occasionally running close in with the fort so as to draw its fire, and then tacking and standing seaward again. One of these vessels was a sloop of war and the other a brig of sixteen guns. They were effectually blockading the river, and for some time no vessel had either come out or gone in. Every thing was brought to, even to the small fishing boat, and the strictest vigilance was maintained from the very first day of their arrival on the coast.

One morning in June, just as the sun was rising from the sea, flinging his fiery spears far across the sparkling waves, kindling up every object upon which they lit, the two English vessels were seen standing in towards the mouth of the river, under top-gallant sails, with the wind free on the starboard quarter. They were about half a mile apart, their courses converging to a point. This point was a small Kennebec sloop hugging the land, and endeavoring to make the entrance of the Kennebec. Her broad main-sail was flung to the wind like a great white wing, and she was sweeping along across the water like a gull flying before a storm. She had been discovered by the cruisers only a few minutes before, when they tacked together and pressed after her to intercept her, making sail as they went. Fifteen minutes more of the obscurity of morning, and the adventurous sloop would have got into the river and under the guns of the fort unseen or seen too late to be of use.

It was a beautiful sight to behold the three vessels in motion; one small, unarmed and with but three sails to help her flight, bounding along close under the land; the others tall, frowning with batteries and covered with canvas from deck to truck.

The sloop was two miles in shore of the cruisers, and about the same distance westward of the harbor, being, when discovered, just stealing round Cape Small Point. She had therefore, the same distance to run to gain shelter, that her pursuers had to come up with her present position.

The cruisers stood on for about five minutes after tacking, in the same converging lines, when the sloop signaled the brig, which immediately luffed and bore up four points eastward, while the former kept her first course. The object had in view by this maneuver of the brig, it was plainly evident to the fishermen who, from the rocks on which their huts were perched, were watching with interest the pursuing and the pursued, was to intercept her; for they had quickly discovered that a direct chase would be ineffectual, as the sloop showed herself to be a very fast sailer.

So the brig stood straight towards the mouth, hoping to reach it in advance of the sloop, while the sloop of war kept on to capture her if she should turn back and attempt to run into Harpswell or Portland.

"We shall be tuk, darned if we an't, Deacon," coolly remarked a tall, ungainly youth of nineteen, who, with a dipper fastened to a ten foot handle, was bailing up water from the sea and throwing it over the mainsail of the sloop, to swell the threads of the canvass and make it better hold the wind.

As he spoke, he paused in his work, leaned upon his long dipper-handle, and shutting one eye, took a deliberate survey of the two cruisers.

"Not so long as two timbers of the Polly Ann hold together, 'Shiah," responded the Deacon, who grasped the helm, and who, with one eye ahead and the other watching the enemy, directed the course of his little vessel towards the shelter he sought. "If we'd only had another ten minutes afore sun-up, we'd a' got in. But the day an't goin' to stop for any man, and I don't 'spect it to. All we must do is to keep the Polly out to the hands o' the Britishers now they've got their eyes on us. Wet the sails, 'Shiah! Keep wettin' 'em!"

"I guess they kind o' guess what we've got aboard, Deacon," said 'Shiah, as he cast a shower of spray over the mainsail. "They seemed to take all-fired trouble to touch us. See how Polly jumps! The way she tosses the water with her bows, I won't have to wet her jib; she does that herself!"

"If we don't get into the river, and them chaps overhaul us, what in natur's to be done, Deacon?"

"It won't do to let 'em capture the six big guns, and two barrels o' powder, and ton o' shot that we've got for the fort, that's a fact, 'Shiah," said, very decidedly, Captain, or rather "Deacon" Paul Butterfield, who both owned and commanded the Polly, which had been, a few days before, engaged by the government agent in Boston to convey armament and ammunition to Fort Hunnewell. This enterprise the Deacon, for he was a lawful Deacon in his own town, which was Hallowell, forty miles up the river, had cheerfully undertaken, assuring the agent he could get the Polly Ann into the river safely in spite of the cruisers. Shrewd, bold and cool, the Deacon saw that by running only in the night, and hugging the shore, he should probably be able to get into the Kennebec undiscovered, especially as the cruisers used to stand off shore at night a league or two for an offing, and run in again at sun-rise. The agent felt that a small coasting vessel, with so skillful a captain as Deacon Butterfield, would be quite as likely to get into the river as a large one, if not more so, and gave him the commission. For the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, the Deacon had bargained to take the cannon and the munitions to the Kennebec, and also he bound himself, if there was danger of his being captured, to scuttle the sloop and sink her. We now see him thus far in the progress of his enterprise.

The cannon were long battery thirty-two's, six in number, and were laid athwart ships, side by side upon deck. The shot were piled

forward, and in the fore-castle was stowed the powder, in casks, and securely protected under canvass; tarpaulins also covered the guns.

"If we can only stand ten minutes more, 'Shiah," said the Deacon to his mate, "I don't fear them are two cruisers a stick! One on 'em you see has luffed to try to cut us off. If 'twant to show the enemy how iron we've got in her, I'd show the enemy how to make a keel cut blue water through! But we must get in, Lot," he added, turning to a rugged old man, who looked like a weather-beaten fisherman, who comprised all his crew, and who was now engaged in tending the main-sheet, the slack of which he held in his iron fist.

"It's get in safely, Deacon," answered Lot Bissel gruffly, "and get two hundred and fifty dollars, or it's sink the sloop, and no insurance!"

"That's a fact, Mr. Bissel," responded the Yankee skipper, with emphasis; and shifting his tobacco from his larboard to his starboard cheek, he glanced under the main boom to see how the fort and shore lay, and then he gave the word to the windward and took with it deliberate inspection of the enemy.

"Give a small pull aft on the main sheet, Mr. Bissel. 'Shiah haul aft the jib a bit! The Britisher is smoking his pipe!" added the skipper, quietly, as he saw a jet of smoke belched from the bow of the sloop-of-war. He had hardly got the words out of his mouth, when the boom of a gun, reached their ears, and simultaneously a shot passed whizzing over their ears.

"I don't stan' that 'are!" said 'Shiah, in a very determined tone, which singularly contrasted with his awkward rustic exterior. "Give me leave, Deacon, and I'll give them a shot back, darn me if I don't!"

"Your gun won't scare 'em, 'Shiah. Ease off the main sheet, Lot. Be ready to dodge, for I guess there'll be another one o' them junks o' iron this way. They ain't no pilot, or they wouldn't keep so near a porpoise rock ledge!"

Cool and steady, the skipper stood at his post, and directed the course of his little craft. All at once he gave a loud hurrah! The sloop-of-war had struck, under full sail, upon a rock, bare at low water, known as porpoise ledge, and every thing was taken aback, while her main royal mast and yard went over the side.

"That is for not taking a pilot on a strange coast," said the skipper, dryly, while his keen little eyes fairly glittered with pleasure; but he made no further demonstrations of joy; but after taking a second glance at the sloop of war, and seeing that matters on board of her were in too much confusion for them to trouble themselves further about him, he now gave his whole attention to the brig, which was about a mile and a half from him in a straight line, and about equally distant from the entrance to the river.

Upon seeing the accident that had occurred to her consort, she bore down a little and hoisted a signal. It was responded to on board the sloop, when the brig resumed her course.

"The sloop-of-war, I suppose, says she don't want any aid; so the brig is left at liberty to intercept us," said the skipper. "It looks, too, as if she would be likely to get to the entrance as soon as the Polly; and then I guess it's all up with us! But I don't give up, so long as a timber hangs to her, or I can have a limb to hold on to the tiller by! But what in natur' are you doin' there, 'Shiah?"

Well might the Deacon ask this question. The ambitious young Kennebecer had bro't from the fore-castle a keg of powder, and knocked in the head with a handspike, and was now trying some half peck of it up in a bandanna handkerchief, which he had taken from his neck.

"Doin'?" I am goin' to give them a gun, darned if I ain't! If these here guas is got to go to Davy's locker, I'll get one fire out on 'em first, I guess!"

As 'Shiah spoke he threw down a moveable section of the bulwark amidships, leaving an open space to the sea, before the muzzles of three of the enormous cannon that lay across the deck. He then took up his huge cartridge, and thrusting it into the muzzle of one of them, began to ram it down with a handspike.

"What on air is the critter at?" cried the Deacon.

"'Shiah made no reply; but having rammed the cartridge home, he rolled a thirty-two pound shot towards it, and giving it a lift, shoved it into the muzzle after the powder.

"Now for priming her; and then I guess if I don't give them a Fourth of July salute, they never heard one!"

As he spoke, he poured a handful of powder upon the vent, and then jumped to the caboose, caught up a lighted pine knot, and waving it to keep it bright, approached the gun.

"Stop, 'Shiah, stop!" shouted the skipper, at the top of his voice; "you'll blow the Polly Ann to Jericho, if you fire that gun aboard on her!"

"I don't calculate I'll be took pris'ner by the Britishers, Deacon, and be put in Dartmoor, I guess! I don't mean to fire just yet, but take a chance for a good aim, and then give 'em salt-petre!"

"I'll shake every bone out o' the Polly," said the captain, in alarm.

As he spoke, the brig, now within a mile distance, fired a shot across her bows.

"That means heave to, Lot," said the skipper. "'Shiah, put out that pine knot."

"I mean to, by 'm, by Deacon! Wait till I get a shot at 'em! I ain't afeard o' hurtin' the sloop a bit! You just yaw her a leetle bit, and bring the muzzle o' my artillery piece right agin the brig, and if I don't show 'em how a Yankee gun can speak, I don't never want to see the inside o' Kennebec river again!"

A second gun came from the brig, and the shot passed within ten feet of the Deacon's head, made a rent a fathom long in his main-sail, and the shock caused his peak halyards to part, and let the peak of his mainsail down. This caused the sloop to fall off a point or two; and while the skipper, unflinching and with a quiet look was trying to bring her to the wind again, 'Shiah, taking advantage of a moment as she swung, in which his loaded gun bore upon the brig, instantly applied the torch to the vent! The roar, the flame, and the concussion were terrific.

The little vessel reeled under the recoil of the vast gun, till the waves poured in over her bows and stern. The skipper and Lot were laid flat upon the deck, while 'Shiah found himself hanging by the heels in the lee shrouds.

For a few moments the Deacon thought his

vessel would go down, she wallowed and plunged so—but she soon steadied herself, though with her deck flooded, her jib blown away, and her windlass unshipped.

"I guess if they got the shot, it'll settle 'em," said 'Shiah, as he dropped feet first out of the rigging, into which he had been blown, upon deck, and tried to see through the smoke.

"You ought to be settled, you 'tarnal critter!" cried the Deacon, enraged; "you like to have sunk her, darn ye!"

"Don't swear, Deacon! I want to see if the brig got it!"

"Got it, you fool! I guess you'll get it if I ever see shore again!"

As the smoke slowly rolled away, the brig was discovered, no longer standing down, but knocking about at the mercy of the waves and winds, her foremast gone by the board, and dragging over the side with all its yards and sails. The shot had cut off her mast within ten feet of the deck!

'Shiah was perfectly confounded; but he manifested no surprise, while the Deacon and Lot set up a loud hurrah of triumph.

"Why, what is the matter? Why don't you halloo?" said the Deacon, taking breath.

"Coz it an't nothin' more'n I meant to do!" responded 'Shiah, with inimitable sang froid; "I ain't surprised, if you be, Deacon."

In twenty minutes more, the sloop, with her valuable cargo, was safely sheltered under the guns of Fort Hunnewell. The sloop-of-war lay upon the rock till the next tide, and the brig lay by her, rigging a jury-mast. Before sunset, both vessels made sail, and steered eastward, on the way towards Halifax, to repair damages. Thus the blockade was raised, greatly to the relief of the commerce of the river.

"'Shiah' is now one of the most popular of our Eastern steamboat captains.

Taking the Census—Number One.

Marshal. How many male persons are there in this family?

Old Lady. Do you mean children and all?

Marshal. Certainly.

Old Lady. Oh then there ain't none, cause my children is all gals, 'cept John, and he ain't my child: d'ye count John?

Marshal. Who's John?

Old Lady. Oh! don't you know John? Why he's lived with me these ten year. He's our hired man.

Marshal. Well, that's one male. How many females are there in the family?

Old Lady. Females? Let me see: There ain't none but Biddy, the hired gal.

Marshal. I understood you to say that your children were girls.

Old Lady. La! yes! Wal do you count them?

Marshal. Certainly I do: I count all who make it their home in your family—old and young—men, women and children.

Old Lady. Sakes alive! Then you want to take down the old gentleman, I spose, don't you?

Marshal. What old gentleman?

Old Lady. My old man, to be sure.

Marshal. To be sure I do. I thought you said "John" was the only male in the family.

Old Lady. So I did; but I didn't spose "males" meant decrepit old men like my husband. Poor dear! He's been all but dead with the palsy these six year next hoeing.

Marshal. Now for the females.

Old Lady. Well, there's Biddy, and Prudence, and Grace, and Jemina; that's all—four o' 'em.

Marshal. But you hav'n't included yourself?

Old Lady. Gracious! D'ye put down the old women too? 'Pears to me the State's mighty curious this year.

Number Two.

Marshal. How many neat Cattle are owned by this family?

Female. All we own is a couple of Hogs, and they ain't the neat-est critters that ever was.

[Alb. Cit.]

CONNUBIAL FELICITY.—Mr. Slang used to say my horses—my boys. Mr. Slang now invariably says "our horses, our boys, or our farm." The substitution of our for my, by Mr. Slang, was brought about thus:

Mr. Slang had just married his second wife—the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang had casually remarked, "I now intend to enlarge my dairy."

"You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Slang.

"No," quoth Mr. Slang, "I say my dairy."

"No, my dairy,"

"Say our dairy, say our," screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker.

"My dairy," vociferated the husband.

"Our dairy, our dairy," re-echoed the wife, emphasizing each "our" with a blow of the poker upon the back of the cowering husband.

Mr. Slang retreated under the bed clothes. Mr. Slang remained several minutes waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting himself out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell.

"What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?"—said she.

"I'm looking, my dear," snivelled he, "to see if I can see anything of our hat."

The struggle was over. It was our horses, our dairy, and the next Sunday morning he very humbly asked her if he might wear our clean breeches to church.

"Pomp, why am de sun like a loaf ob bread?"

"Cause he am round, eh Cuff?"

"No; you gub it up?"

"Yes, I ain't done noffin else."

"Well den, 'cause it rises in the yeast."

(east).

"Nigger, you been sweepin' out a school room, ain't you?"

LUDICROUS COMPARISON. The editor of the Boston Transcript speaks of having recently heard a sermon in the country, in which the preacher described a class of Christians as "Thermometrical Christians, whose zeal led them up to the boiling point one minute, while the very next they had cooled to an opposite extreme and sunk below zero."

An exchange paper, under the head of "Good Advice," advises young men to wrap themselves up in their own virtue. Many of them would freeze to death next winter, if they had no warmer covering.

Girls, when a man "pops the question," ask him if he owes the printer before you give him an answer.

Winthrop Woolen Factory.

THE subscribers would respectfully give notice to their friends and the public generally, that they have, at great expense, put in operation a Woolen Factory, at Winthrop village, where they intend to manufacture WOOLEN CLOTHS of various kinds, at the following prices, viz:

Cassimeres from 35 to 50 cents per yard; Filled Cloth 30 to 40 cents per yard; Satinets, finding warp, 28 to 40 cents per yard; White Flannels 17 to 20 cents per yard; Colored Flannels 25 cents per yard; Colored and Patterned 25 cents per yard. Cloth Dressing from 8 cents to 1 shilling per yard.

They have, at an expense of \$500, put in a new and superior Card for CARDING ROLLS, and they hold themselves responsible for any damage that may happen in consequence of any defect in the machine or carelessness of the tender.

A good assortment of Cloths will be kept on hand, and may be found at the store of Messrs. STABLEY & CLARK, where they would respectfully invite those in want of any Woolen Goods to call and examine for themselves. The subscribers would further say that the whole management of the manufacturing department is under the inspection and direction of JOHN METCALF, who has, for the last twenty years, been engaged in manufacturing in Massachusetts, with the exception of the two last, which he has spent at the Readfield Factory, under the firm of Metcalf & Witherley.

Our machinery is all new and of the most approved kind, and having spared no pains or expense to get all the Latest Improvements of the day, they rely on a generous public to sustain them.

Also Fancy Dyeing of every description, including Cotton, Silk, Satins, &c. &c. JOHN METCALF & CO., Winthrop, June 3, 1845.

Health and Strength.

DR. S. O. RICHARDSON'S Concentrated Sherry Wine Bitters.

THE Proprietor of this medicine offers to the public the result of an extensive practice and a thorough investigation of the laws which govern the human system. It cannot be denied, by those who have become acquainted with the singular virtues of these Bitters, that they possess a pre-eminence over all others now in use, for the diseases which they profess to cure.

It is a well known fact, that most diseases arise from a derangement of the stomach and bowels, in youthful, adult and declining life.

"The stomach crammed with every dish,
A tomb of roast and boiled, and flesh and fish;
Where bile and wind, and phlegm and acid, jar,
And all the man is one intestine war."

The extensive sympathies which subsist between these and every other part of the living body is the foundation of nervous diseases of all kinds, Irregular Appetite, Lassitude, Drowsiness, Wandering Pains, Headache, Lowness of Spirits, &c.

And, these, in their turn, give birth to Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Jaundice, Piles, Fevers, Inflammatory Humors, Coughs, and a host of diseases which embitter life and poison all sources of enjoyment.

The distinguished character of these bitters is most striking; their operation being more or less powerful according to the violence of the disease. When used in appropriate quantity, in cases of slight derangement of the stomach and bowels, caused by constiveness or a slight bilious difficulty, and the like, where nature needs assistance to prevent more serious consequences, they will be scarcely felt.

On the contrary, in obstinate cases, they frequently operate more powerfully, causing either three or four evacuations, until the circulating fluid becomes purified. This accomplished, they act on the system in connexion with our food, each receiving mutual assistance until the constitution is restored to a state of health and renewed vigor.

For sale wholesale and retail at the Doctor's office, 15, Hanover street, Boston; and in Augusta by J. E. Ladd and E. Fuller; and in Hallowell by B. Wales, S. Adams, and R. G. Lincoln; and by all agents throughout the State.

June 1, 1845.

House for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the premises where he now lives, situate in Winthrop, on the road leading from Winthrop village to Monmouth Academy, consisting of a low double house, Porch and Shop, and one quarter of an acre of land. The house is in good repair and the situation is a good one for a mechanic, being near to school and in an excellent neighborhood.

As the above business is carried on pretty extensively in the vicinity, it would make an advantageous stand for a shoemaker. For further particulars enquire of the subscriber.

LEONARD COBB.

Winthrop, August 1, 1845.

IMPROVED WATER WHEEL.

THE subscriber having purchased the right of making, using, and vending Howard's Improved Water Wheel, is now prepared to manufacture and put into operation, at short notice, the said wheels in the State of Maine.

The above wheels, being constructed of Cast Iron, are of superior durability. From the manner of their being enclosed they are perfectly guarded, and are not, like other wheels, in any way affected by rust. The power of the wheel is in proportion to its size, and consequently it may be adapted to any amount of power required; it obtains a large amount of friction which so much retards other wheels; and from its peculiar construction, the same amount of power may, under proper management, be obtained from a high and low head of water. In uniform steadiness of motion it surpasses all other wheels now in use, and obviates the inconvenience experienced from back-water.

The subscriber in confidence asserts that wheels put in by him or his agents, will surpass in power by one-third, under equal circumstances, any other wheel now in use attached to a perpendicular shaft, and will equal a breast wheel, with ten feet head or under. This wheel has been fully tested by use in various places in this State, and with success may be learnt by reference to Messrs. Cox, Ayers & Co., paper manufacturers, Vassalboro'; Caleb Cook, Esq., iron manufacturer, Bangor; J. B. Chubb, Esq., Daniel Nye, Esq., H. Chamberlain, Esq., J. C. Correll, Esq., Messrs. Chase & Hill, Skowhegan; and William Bridge, Esq., Augusta.

All persons interested are invited to call and examine the operation of the water wheel at any or all of the places which are designated above. They can easily be inserted in the place of other wheels, at a trifling expense, without material alteration of existing machinery. The subscriber will attend to the sale of these wheels and will give every information desired in relation thereto. Agents will also be employed for the sale of wheels in different parts of the State.

(3) The above wheels are also for sale by ALLEN LAM